

THE
PASSIONATE
Remonstrance

Made by his Holinesse in
the Conclave at ROME:

Upon the late proceedings, and great
Covenant of Scotland, &c.

With a reply of Cardinall *De Barbaris* in the name of
the Roman Clergy.

Together with a Letter of *Intelligence* from the
Apostolicke Nuntio (now residing in
London) to Pope *Vrbano* the 8.

Ridentem dicere verum nil vetat.



Anno Domini. 1646.

THE PASSIONATE

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Made by his Holiness the
the Conclave at Rome

Upon the late proceedings and great

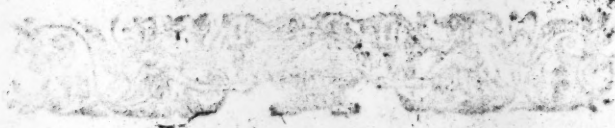
Excess of the Holy See

Witnessed by Cardinal de Noailles and others

Together with a Letter of Advice from the
Assembly of Nuncio (now residing in

London)

Printed at the Press of the



Adm. D. 1710



To the Author his well-beloved
Friend.

SPrings nigh their source into a brook extended
SProve Rivers great before their course be ended.
Flowers which their beauty in the bud have show'n
Are found much fairer when they're fully blow'n
The Lions paw, a Lions whelpes descries;
The great Alcides in his Cradle tries
The Combat; And confounding his A Tailour,
Gives a Heroick Prefage of his Valour.
Thy Spring, Bud, Paw; This Cradle-Master-peece,
Say, thy Ripe Age, shall yeeld a Golden fleece.

Sub Fœd. Sp.



In gratiam Auctoris.

NUlla Cupressus adest, dempta hic de Culmine Pindus est
Laurus in Auctoris danda Corona Comam.
Non opus est Elegis in funere Præsulis, ipsa
Melpomene querulum nil tacitura sonat:
Gratior huic Musæ mage dia Vraxia. Et illi
Bassia Castalio mista liquore dedit:
Hinc, Velut Alcides Clavo, plura horrida monstra,
Hic Vates calamo nobiliore recat.

A.

Maſſe

*Maſte Poli decus Arctoi, nam funere ab iſto
Vita perenna tibi, fama perennis erit.*

DURÆUS:



De Aureo Libello.

MEllea quàm ſit res oratio, quàmque rotundo
Agmine decurrat, blando glomerata ſuſurro;
Quàm veneranda novo nunc verrat ſymmate terram,
Nunc ſublimè volans caput inter nubila condat,
Aſpectus fugiens terrena mole gravatos;
Quàm rapido torrente ſuat, quàm ſuada venuſta,
Quam modulis numeroſa ſuis facundia praeceps
Abripiat celeri mentes ſuper aſtra volatu,
Audieram dudum: priùs at non cognita Pythùs
Eximia & virtus & blandimenta juèrè,
Ante oculos donec dederat Scintillula flammam,
Claramque ingentemque ſimul; quæ & purior illà
Quàm praeberè ſolet Phœbus de vertice cœli.
Quæ ſimul emicuit, concuſſo vertice cœlum
Intremiſſe putès, talesque dediſſe ſonores,
Quales Pythagoræ ſinxere orà clarenati;
Angelica aut credas fuisse choremata cantum,
Cantum, quale melos mulſit terramque polumque
Cum cecinere Dei pueri præconia, laudes
Et cecinere hominis de aeterno patre perennis,
Sponte ſuà in terras qui cœlo lapſus ab alto,
Ut poſſet miſerans cœli reparare ruinas,
Et nos mortales ſuperas attollere ad arces,
At nonnulla meam ſubit admiratio mentem,

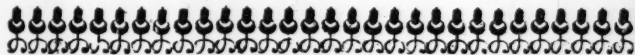
*Qui potius Angelicas infernus reddere voces?
Ni lateant furtim dulci sub melle venena:
Sed latet, & gelidum sorbent cum melle venenum
Aurea qui Scorti Babylonis pocula sugunt.*

V. A.

De Vate, Authore Libelli.

O Mnia Samaria regi narravit Elisha,
Quæ Syrus occultâ gesserat in came. à:
Scotorum regi hic vates arcana revelat,
Papana celat quæ penetrale domus,
Elisam Syrii, vatem hunc papana requirant
Agmina, sed pariles par quoque pœna premet:
Papani pariter Syriiſq; ſcotoſmate cæſi
Lucida pro tenebris ſpicula ſolis erunt.

V. A.



In gratiam chariſſimi ſui amici.

Preſulis Inviſi jam infamiſ fama ſuperbit
Authoris Genio ſplendidiore coli.
Strata jacet prorſus tam inſurgens gloria, nulla
Gente Caledoniâ nominis umbra foret;
Si non hic vates celebrâſſet funera, Papam
Illius Ambroſio dum facit ore loqui.
Fœcundo ingenio certat facundia linguae,
Nobile materiâſ ſic ſuperavit opus:
Materies Preſul te indigna eſt: præſtat amata

*Vrania Roseis basia ferre genis;
Aonidum immortale decus, tibi sorta parantur
Laurea, temporibus non peritura tuis.
Inferie tantæ mittent per sæcula famam
Dum super æthereo volvitur axe Polus.*

Jo. Morus.

On the same:

THy deare Vrania fits thy soaring Quill
To nothing that's below the Artick Waine:
How comes it then that with such pretty skill
Thou dost decipher *Romes* infernall Train? *Tis*
That she may from Thee make spring a Rod
To whip the P. elates, and their Mistr'd God,

She'll spare some time (to thy Immortall praise,)
To Ironize upon their damned Plot
For thy Refreshment, that with purer Layes
Thou maist her sound from thy melodious throat:
How can thy Muse, but choose to be divine,
When sweete Vranias lips in-Nectar thine?

Io. More.



*To his ever most esteemed friend,
the Author.*

THis pope here lim'd is said to flourish faire
In his Nurse Idiome and the Latine Tongue:

But

But here's the wonder, that a Sprit so young
Should blow him North to breathe our Native Aire,
And personate his speech, as here is shew'n,
That he and his Impostors must admire
His Raptures and embellisht grieve to heare
Powr'd forth in sweeter accents, nor his owne.
If He and all his Consistoriall Train
Had in a Lymbick all their Braines distill'd,
It would out-reach their skill, thus to have fill'd
Those sugred Pages with so rare a straine
Of flowred speeches, so this Generous spark,
Hath made a light to shine throughout the dark.

Da. Prymrose. J. C.



*To his all-beloved and hopefull friend
the Author of this Book,*

THou hills so sweetly, with thy darrest words,
With powerfull lightnings, & two-edged swords
Which thou elances from thy thundring pen
That those who challenge over soules of men
A tyrannie, must humbled all forbear
To reach thy Garlands, or attaine thy Spheare:
All other relishes like aloes be
Compar'd with those sweet flowers which here we see,
Thine high-bred Quill, which breathes so gentle fire,
Drink with *Elixar* of Castalian Ire,
Proclaimes the honour of the Graces love;
But most thy sweet Urania, like a Dove

Fraught

Fraught with her purer raptures, doth take pleasure
To nurse thee with the influence of her treasure,
Yet here is but a flash, What can be said,
'When this Aurore her full beams hath displaid?

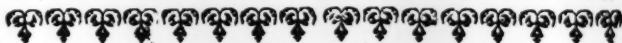
T. C.



The Author to Zoilus.

BUt spare to martyre Ingenuitie,
Bold sons of Censure; Blest be Authoritie,
I kisse the Scepters shade, and stand in aw
Rashly to dallie with the Lions Paw.
'Tis those base Tapers, whose Incendiarie breath
Strifes the purer Light, poysons to death
The nursing Rayes of sacred Majestie,
And kills our love sick soules with Jealousie,
Which I blow at; Let Sovereigntie appeare
The full delight of every Eye, and eare:
'Tis those usurping spors, which doe prophane
The Moons sweet face, her comely beautie stain,
I wish were wyp't away, and every Ray
Of Royall power, kils't by Persian Ey.

The Persians
adored the Sun



The Popes Conclave



THE
PASSIONATE RE-
monstrance of the *Pope* in his
Conclave at *Rome*,

Upon the disastrous disappointments given to
the Roman cause, by the late proceedings
and great *Covenants* of SCOTLAND.



YOU that are the Light
of the world, the Beauty
of Truth & Zeal (Most
holy Assembly, to which
the title of Candor doth
properly belong) You
fathers of Integrity, sons
and heirs, as well of my
Institutions, as Designs,
whom my Holy Benedi-
ction hath erected to be
the Ornament of the
Church, throned in all Catholick graces; If naturall
compunction touch you truly, you have found how
B your

The Popes Conclave.

your most deare Primitive Mothers heart, hath received a late Wound from the Adversaries, and how a number of Impostors are risen up, preaching a new Sedition, and drawing her very Life-blood, her blood of Honour from her sweet tender Sides; The fearfullest Blow our Cause ever felt, the lowdest Tempest that ever Hereticall Schisme could rouse, doth now rage most furiously, and threatens to pull up our Sacred Throne by the very roots; It hath made *S. Peters* tremble, Shook the very Altars and Statues, and affrighted the ashes of sleeping Popes: We have certainly gotten a Master-check, never felt extremity like this; Amazement covers us, our infallible staffe doth faile us, and for very feare our Mysterious Miter is turned Paralytick; Thick darknesse dwels upon this Houre: Integrity, like one of Heavens bright Luminaries, by Errors dull Element interpose, suffers a black Eclipse; the Locusts of Hell are let loose, and if they be not swept away, we may resolve to make Bone-fires of all the Books of the Vaticane, and let all the Religious turne Knights errant; It is to be feared (my Disciples) lest this new-fangled Heresie, pervert Nations, and Realmes, to an open Revolt from our spirituall Scepter, and these Innovators, spread over the world, cover the Earths face, and make dark the land like Egyptian Grasshoppers.

The affront which our Holinesse receives, doth the more afflict Us, because it comes from that Kingdome of *Scotland*, the most unfortunate and inconsiderable Angle in the World, a people not worthy to be beloved nor sought after: Yet our conscience beares Us witnesse, how affectionatly we have offered unto them

our

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our Apostolicall Embracements, but they hated to be reformed. And to the end that rebellious Nation, might be brought under, You know, how I have most laboriously bestirred the strength of *Machiavell*, and diligently sollicite *Ignatius* subtilties, who, like a glittering serpent with his resplendent Poysons, can most divinely creep into the very Souls of the most impregnable Common-wealths, and teach them how to derive Life and Motion from Us; What great proofes we have had of their dexterities in such Convoys, the whole Christian World can this day bear record; how nimbly likewise those Emissaries, (fraughted with the same Excellencies) went about the great work called *The possession of the World*, to make it Ours, you have learned by the informations of our Secretaries, and addressees of our Nunncio's, and may likewise judge by the Records of the Articles and assurances which they duly dispatch from these parts. The continuall Current of that Primates Intelligence, who for his active zeale deserveth well to be called, The *Genius* of the distressed Church in *England*, did sweetly refresh our longing soules with glad tydings, and conceived fair Hopes in our Hearts. We have justly ripened him with the beames of our favour, and we must all confesse, that howsoever We laid our Commands both thick and fast upon him, his allegiance notwithstanding was ever devoted to Us in a boundlesse obedience, the humblest, yet mightiest of all filiall duties; full well he knew the language of my Intent, & moved by my Sanctimonious breath, He hath propined most abundantly to that Nation (and I hope effectually too) (for the businesse of the Universall Monar-

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chy went well on, I saw it in an Egyptian Glasse) the most Pure Waters which run from the threshold of *S. Peters* Sanctuary : Which makes this good Ghostly Father, amongst those yet unhallowed Heretiques, to be branded as great & Prime Incendiary of all Christendome, who with the French Cardinall, tosseth Kingdomes like Tennisbals : We heard he can negotiate most handsomely, & factiously, with pleasant subtilty, and bewitching Courtship, abuse the Infatuate State with delight ; He muzzles the barking Tonguemen of the Time ; & as cunningly as ever the Florentine Monster could poyson the fairest Cōmonwealth of Europe with his Politicks, so hath he most Episcopally exalted our Church Hierarchy, & established a Spirituall Government there, & now happily, advanced the opinion of our Glory, to that Eminency, that the two Tutelar Angels of *Cambridge* & *Oxford*, stick not almost to maintaine the Myter, of equall dignity with the Scepter ; Nay, so good proficients were they

Two Germain brethren ; the one whereof maintained the Popes honour above the Emperour : the other sustained the Emperours dignitie above the Popes : whereupon they sought, and the one killing the other, their quarrell was spread throughout all *Italic*.

in his Apostolicall Canons, that as boldly durst they kick against the one, as spurn at the other : Thus were we hopefull to see the old quarrell of the *Gwelfes*, and *Gibellines*, enflame the swords of Potentates, & die the Copes of English Cardinals, with the blood of Hereticks. For the course w^{ch} he ran, seemed to be infallible, as the prophecies of the old Testament, immovable as Fate, & tollerat by Heavens connivance : And thus like a cunning Catholick, burning with zeal of the great Cause, and desirous to bring that fatall, and Neighbouring Nation under our banner, and within the bosome of the Church Catholick, he fastned upon the most promising and apparant meanes, which our

Conclave

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Conclave could teach him, & put the same to as assured execution, as if *Ignatius* spirit, had made Pythagoricall Transmigration to his venerable brains. For the truly Equivocall Father of that Church, with his Fellow-labourers, the Scottish Prelates, caused compyle a Service book, (to the great service of our Church) wherein were most divinely couched, the true Orthodox Tenets, of the Ancient, Apostolick, and Catholick faith; but ever opposed by the Enemies of the Truth in that Land; And in this Web of their composure, they had so ingeniously interlaced, (for though the Generals were given out from Us, yet we committed the particulars to their owne discretion, *respective* in Times and States,) the sweet Embellishments of our Art, and the Majestie and Decency of our Missall, that none could well discover at the first glance, the girnes of our Holy Treason, by which we would have surpris'd the Heretick Soules, nor the Mysterie of the Work, unlesse they had the benefit of *Gregory* the Great, and *Bedae*s Spectacles, or *Calvines* Perspective, by which he saw the Antichrist say Masse within the walls of Rome. And those Reverend Presbyters of these Northerne Churches, who sought not themselves, nor the glory of this present world, that they might elude the People alwayes jealous of Novations, and dally with Princes, they advocate Authority, and caused animate the Book with the strong Influence of a Secular power.

This drift walkt a pace uncensured, never questioned but in thought, with a whistle, or whisper, & what ever disappointment it hath met with since, what ever

*S'il est vray
peu s'en est ra.*

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misfortun hath stopped the current, & very Spring of these Advancements, and overflowings; it ought not to be imputed to that never-enough-deserving Prelat who is of the true Champ, and perfectly sincere : But these other of *Scotland*, who were but his *natix* *quar*, and Neophytes, have given a little weake evidence of their good breeding in their profession. For the Politick institutor had shown them the true & Catholick paths, and mounted them on the Chariots of Dignity, and Power; But once elevate to a sphere too high, and not able to sustaine such happinesse, Powder was not more ambitious when the match met it, than their mindes to mount : which emboldened them to presse our holy will, a little immaturly; Their preposterous zeal, blown up with supererogation of obedience, did anticipate the maturity of our Designes, with an unluckie discovery, to the eternall disaster of those Politicians, and back-sliding of the great Cause; Had they gone more softly, they had come more swiftly to *Rome*; but (good souls) presuming on the faire Path of their meaning, went a little rashly on, and brought within the wildernes of an Heretical, though National Law, by some lines or words dropt unadvisedly out, did innocently hurt the good Cause, & gave the Adversary advantage by it; Had they with an insinuating distance, played a while with the *Eare*, and grop't the Peoples mindes, and found to what point their blood most inclined, & by strong Episcopall reasons violented their soules; had they prepared them with Purgatives, before they adhibited the Book of Missall, too strong for the Puritanicall complexion of the *Scotts*, this day we might have gone in Procession, and sung

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Te Deum, whereas we now shrink under an abortive wound, and are met to celebrate the Funerals of the most important Members of our Church, and most considerable souldiours of that Northern Conquest. The sooner they dispersed their Novations, and the more imperiously they urged obedience, the sooner they hastened to the displaying of all, and loosed the fair advantages of Times and Plots. If they had not tempted the Eye of Jealousie too much, they should quickly have gained, no question, the Laicks, Sons and Daughters, of their meritorious Seducements.

But when before the fulnesse of Time, the Book pointed out his unknowne head, O how it was most profanely persecute, and how the sharpe Invectives, like points of spears have rent & discovered his bowels! It was abhorred as a leprous brood, & every Parret in the Land was taught to raile reproaches, the very Children to preach against it, and every mouth could most profusely vomit forth his blasphemies. The uncatholical multitude, like the spectacl'd inquisitors of *Venice*, durst pick out syllables of Heresie, against the Canonickall liberties of our Church Discipline; The Laicall Judgements durst canvase the Mysteries of our Conclave, & question our Infallibility: But if our Holines had doubted their skill in cheating of soules; If we had not thought they had been more Spaniolized Gamesters, We should have taught them the Times and secrets of State, and wrought out our Holy purposes more softly, & at length found means to make the swallow it over as greedily, & wth as implicate obedience, as ever the Turks did their Alcoran: but we thought, it was no matter of difficulty to reconcile

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cile that silly Lunatick Church with ours, especially since they began to have a Communion of words with Us, & used familiarly that Idiom, which once heard of before amongst them, would have made a whole Churchfall a ffound, so much did we confide the continuall assurances of our Attourneyes amongst them as the Cabinet of my Intelligences can well instruct: And therefore our diseased Prelates would have done well, sometimes to have throwne into the peoples Eares, out of Pulpits, the authority of Councils, and guilded over the Rudenesse of their Pillules with the Homilies of Fathers; yet faithfull soules, we know their Intentions were meerly and purely Catholick; but the affectionat passion to approve themselves obsequious to our Holy desires, made them prove too Herculean, that offered to strangle Serpents in their Craddles; for sooner could the Segniory of *Geneva*, embrace the Missall, and the abject *Valdenses* assent to our Supremacy, than that cursed Crew, could be moved to welcome that book of Reformation, which we out of our Holy & Fatherly care, as supream Head of the Church on Earth, conceived to be the Sovereigne way to convey the beames of our purity, through the darknes of those Islands: but they had al drunk in such a Mortal dislike against it, as no authority was able to restrain the strong inward thoughts of the disloyall subjects, & the hot murmurings, from comming to outward Resistances, which al the Ecclesiasticall Canons could not beat down, nor Secular power overcome; Thus being a People without wisdom, given over to the spirit of Delusion, and Heresie, which wrought most powerfully in them, & laying aside all subjection

on

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on of their Execrable wills and judgements, infected with that Leprosie which they suckt from the Arch-enemies of the Truth, with an Immoveable Resolution, they combine against their own Anointed, & those likewayes whom by the Oyl of Punity we have consecrate to be the Bishops of their Soules; And not knowing the principles of Implicite Obedience, they begin to sift those undoubted Verities, which are as old as the Sunne and Starres, and doe arraigne our Catholick Apostolicke Truths, before their Tribunall, where our Venerable Cleargy (being the Character of our own Image) in whose hands we have absolutely put the Raignes of Ecclesiasticall and Secular Government, must stand to their determination, and wait upon the discretion of an usurped and Hereticall Censure. O high Impiety! The last of all Nations, (whose Revenues could hardly afford Us Oyle to our Sallads,) Is it to them we owe account of our Infalible wayes? Shall not they take of our Hands, which Multitudes, Nations, People and Tongues, more regarded by Heavens than they, have kindly accepted? Shall they refuse to drink of that Cup wherewith we have inebriat the powers of the World?

No, Counsellors & Rulers of the Earth, though hitherto we have sailed with a very prosperous wind, & were hopefull to arrive at the Port of our Desires, yet now certainly our Designes seeme to be scattered by a Thing which they call, a *C O V E N A N T*, even as the fired Ship put in, severed the Fleet in the 88. For when this black Heresie had displayed the Ensignes of that Covenant, then whole Squadrons, Legions, and Numbers of Hereticks, like Frogs, were so espoused in

C

their

*Hinc dolor, hinc
lachrymae.*

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their Soules to the devotion thereof, that sooner might you blow away the light from the Sunne, than pull them from their Covenant, or work up their festered Judgements to right reason. This accursed Covenant, the King of all Monsters in Religion (which is able to make all other Monsters to be unadmired, and draw all number to this only) out of whose wombe, like the Trojane Horse, are like to come a furious Crew of Undaunted Hereticks to brash the wals of Rome) gives name to a Sect, which no Nation ever heard of, and if we were to translate, we could not finde a word to expresse the same in any Language. The strength of our confidence and life of our hopes, all those rank insinuations and alluring snares wherewith we had enlived, and informed that Book of Service, like a Serpent hath got his Head bruised with a bolt shot from that Covenant, Nature seemes to debar us of all meanes of help, and if the sublimated Inventions of our policies, could serve to restore, yet fortune likewayes seemes to thunder all, and threatens to shiver our Machinations; for out of the Gates of Hell doe all the Infernall powers rush like a River, whose current cannot be stopt, & who can stay their course? Indeed as the God of Truth in all the Exigencies of the Church, doth stir up the spirit of truth, to vindicat his purity from the aspersions of the wicked, who love Darknes better than Truth, so have we found a most gracious and true witnesse amongst themselves; for their owne Countreyman (in whom all courtly and Catholical graces doe reigne and throng most eminently) hath with a very good successe, drawne his victorious and triumphing Pen against them and their Covenant,

*un brave homme
sout a fait, &
miroir qui ne
flatte point.*

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Covenant, We had sufficient hopes that his Magnifick *MANIFESTO* should have curbed the Insolencies of these phanatick Covenanters, laid open their shame to the World, or restored their diseased Judgements; But he hath fallen so many Bowes short of his Reforming Intentions, that like Oyl throwne into the flame it hath begotten whole Generations of Covenanters, who wil impeach the advancement of our Kingdome, more then ever *Mahomet*, and his fellow *Sergius* did obscure *Boniface*; Yet the man hath put forth great strength of wit, his Reward doth most duely attend him, he must have some round preferment and corpulent Dignity, that he may leade a Lordly life, and raile at ease; We must let a Beame fall upon him, by which our Highnes useth to keep desert warm, and entertain the Life of a Holy Zeale to the great Cause. Certainly he must be *Exalted*, a Master-piece of Man, composed by Heavens for a great Princes favour, & Kingdomes Love: Exact Envie cannot finde a place, to stick a blot on person or fame; We do ordaine that never-enough admired Book, the whip and shame of Covenanters, for the Glory of his most doct'orall indewments, and reverence of his loyall pains in our Service, be translated in all Tongues and Languages, that his renowne may passe from one end of Heaven to the other; for truly he hath most valiantly stood in the Gap to hold out this Schisme and Heresie from encroaching and prevailing: But the practises of these Demoniacques are without exemple, and all Language is too narrow to expresse their virulent & aculeat Humour; for they have torn these Reverend names of Arch-bishops, Prelates, and Presbyters, which ought to be used with Ho-

*Honor est pre-
minim virtutis.*

*This may turn
Propheticall.*

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Sic erat in factis.

ly Ceremony. They have lybelled, arraigned, sentenced, banished, and O I'm drunk with rage, that their Impiety might appeare in its perfect dye to all after-ages, they have *Excommunicat* the Right Reverend Fathers in God. Now my Episcopall dignity lyes panting at this Wound; Here Modesty suffers, all that's Virtuous blushes, and Truths self like the Sunne veit with mist, looks red with anger, Mine honour is cast off as the Olive shakes off her flower; It is all swept away at one cast: My refined nostrils, doe smell a distracted hurry, great things are a-working either in Heaven or Hell: Here is a State puzzell, this execrable Impudency hath given a damnable check to our Apostolicke Designs; It hath Damped up the way of our Catholick Stratagems: And if our undaunted Power, with the helpe of our Sonnes, and Executioners, the Princes of the Earth, doe not obviat the Thunder cracks of this glorious Ostentation, and ushering storme of Truths Triumph, it will certainly advance with a shrewd Insolency to our own Throne, and confound the Glory of our great Name: Nay, we may make our selves ready for perdition, lay by our Purple Roabes, let Kings and Emperours returne to their own Sacrilegious Possessions, & drink in the honour of Martyrdome with open throat.

They have placed also Propheticall confidence in that their Covenant, as *David* did in his little stone which he sunk in *Goliaths* braines, and do certainly beleeve (such is the strength of the spirit of Delusion) that it shall prove like *Daniels* stone, hewen out of the Mountaine without hands, which filled the Earth with the greatnesse thereof: We doe not dissemble, but

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but the fame of it hath made the whole members of our Hierarchie tremble and shiver. And if the adjacent parts to the affected places be not timely anointed with the Baulme of *Gilead*, which flowes most luxuriously (both for our service and pleasure) from all the Common-wealths of *Europe*, to our Cabinet, as the Center of their Tribute; It may fortune to endanger the whole Body of the Church. For it is a most usurping poyson, mortally searching into all the Veines: We doe not esteeme that desperate Church of *Scotland*, We abhorre to waste a thought upon that losse, which we value no more, than the Carbuncle which *Clement* the fifth, transferring the Seat from *Avignon*, did lose by a fall from his Horse. But these our holy Children, Paterns of Piety and Sanctitie, the hope of our Consolations in these Northerne Ilands, the Great Officers of our Church, ordained before time to propagate the saving Light to a Land that dwelt in darknesse, these loyall and faithfull Ministers of the Truth, who have devoted their lives, and neglected the World for our service; these We do justly bewaile with our Apostolick tears: It cuts our hearts, that those Holy Patriarches, should have received the Crowne of Martyrdome in so dangerous a way; for now We do, as it were, stand over a Vault of Powder, where the Match lyes a-kindling below. And which is the bane of our grudgings, we begin almost to apprehend, that the businesse of the Covenant shall prove a Leviathan scandall, to lye rolling and troubling the chrystall waters of other Nations devotions, & to the English especially (which was wont to be our *Fons inexhaustus*) prove as great

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*Perniciosa consi-
lia plerumque
in Auctores re-
dundant.*

*Magni viri, &
bene meriti de
Republ. tandem
obruuntur mag-
nis procellis.*

They ought
not to lose
their Soules in
his Holinesse
service, though
they have spoile
d their for-
tunes,

a stumbling-block as the altars & Idols of *Rome* are to the Jewes conversion. Here is the true matter of grief, and here lies equally engaged the life and state of our Church. These Tragedies will fill the Adversaries mouths, & blow the Lutherans cheeks till they crack againe : Now the whole liberty of our Church doth suffer, the Hope of absolute Monarchy begins to be Eclipsed ; all things move portentuously a strange way : For what ever gracious services, and worthy the fair reverences of their places these Venerable soules have done, yet have they nothing effectuat, but wrought out their own death, even as the blind Moall in casting his ambitious hils up, is often taken and destroyed in the midst of his advanced work. Thus while they were raising the Glory of the house of Candor, they are suddenly throwne downe, and their building levelled to the dust ; And that Iniquity might ruine them with a more plentiful confusion, and waste the treasure of revenge upon their harmlesse Soules, they have excommunicat them, & delivered them up to be buried under the heap of shame, never to appear again.

Yet all peace be multiplied upon their most Episcopall Soules, We heartily accept their unfained zeal, and pronounce them the well beloved Children of the Roman Church, though they did not well know how to personate the businesse intrusted to them, and worke out the Salvation of the Cause with subtilicie and patience. And here by the power given to Us from above, as the Universall Bishop of the Catholicke Church, Wee doe absolve them from all dangers of such Impious sentences gone forth against them, wherewith they would labor to staine the face of Truth,
which

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which they call Excommunication; And upon the contrary, as really and truly, as ever *Constantine* the great gave to *Sylvester* the Citie of *Rome*, with the Territories thereof; so in all sincere profession, fatherly and effectuall love, doe we most heartily bestow a free and plenarie Indulgence, for all their Veniall and Mortall sinnes, to their departed Soules, and ordaine them by the Authoritie of the Keyes of the Kingdome of Heaven, to be related amongst the number of Canonized, who have lost their life, for the libertie of our Kingdome; And Wee doe solemnly appoint dayes of Commemoration to be set apart, wherein a *Requiem* to be chaunted in all the Cathedralls of our See to their blessed Soules, though the whole Artezans of *Italie* should sterve; never had the Calendar of Saints a more noble accession; never had the Adversaries more just reason to erect Trophees upon our Disasters; Let the spirit of division, of shame, and confusion, rage amongst them unmercifully. Wee doe absolve that Indocile People, from all oath of allegiance, and proclaime a free libertie, to any Catholike King or Republick whatsoever, to invade that Kingdome securely. That it may be *Primi occupantis*; For certainly we have as iust reason to powr out the Phials of our Indignation, and fulminate our extorted Excommunication, against both Prince and People, as ever *Alexander* the third our Predecessour of holy memory had, when he excommunicat his stubborne Vassall, *Henrie* the second of *England*, and brought his Royall and haughtie pride to that ebb, that he was constrained to receive his Crowne and Confirmation thereof from Us.

But what? (Invincible Souldiours in our spiritual warfare)

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fare) though there be a deadly overthrow given to our best Resolutions; Though the King of that scurvie Covenanting Land, like a Lyon Rampant, with a daring courage, hold out his inexorable sword for the advancement of that farall Reformation (as they call it) though those wanton Hereticks do now insupportably insult to see him an arrant Covenanter, & glory more therein the all the Gold of *India*; though now they triumph most profanely, and think they have victoriously banished all Novations and barr'd out all dislikes, with the Rampard of an everlasting Civill Sanction, and have enthroned their Heresie by a Municipall Law to be Idolized for ever: And though likewyses it were almost as easie to blow up the whole Ile of *Brittaine* to the Moone with a Powder Train, as to divorce the Princes abused soul, from those inward and malignant Heresies which have been propagate to him from his Uncatholical Ancestors; though the most pregnant Insinuations have proved almost ineffectuall; and though the dazeling pompe of the neighbouring Churches and Kingdomes of the World, can nothing invite him to be mollified, and, sweetned toward Us, but, like an Adder, he still stops his Eare at the voice of the charmer; And though the Alliance with the most Potent and Christian French King can nothing serve to inveigle the Eyes of his mind; Though (my dearely beloved) all these heavie Verities discover to Us, many and huge mountaines of Impediments, which will be hard to remove, let us gird up our loynes notwithstanding.

Let not Us, who are the Soule and Light of the World, submit our selves and our Cause to the Tyrannie

*Consiliarium
imperii, sepe
abripunt bonos
& moderatos
Principes.*

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ramme of despair: Recover our Game: That handfull of Heretickes, are but as a Schismaticke Pawne in the play: High Impietie & Blasphemie it were against the Apostolick. fear, to think the splendor and honour thereof could be interess'd & clouded by any thing from these parts; for though ordinarily all evil flowes from these turbulent Climats, and the Gothes and Vandals have sundry times made inundation upon our Patrimony, and most profanely troden under foot our Domicel, *Italy*, the Lady and Mistris of the World, though oftentimes Emperours and Kings of the Earth, have shaken their Scepter upon Us, and offered to set bounds to our unlimited powers and desires, yet I hope, we are as able to wind about the sacrilegious designs of Secular and Hereticall factions, as ever any of our holy Predecessors.

Wee know perfectly how to begger Kingdomes by dissimulation, unjoint the faire frame of peace, and traffick, poyson allegiance too: And the transferring of Empires, the ruines of Kingdomes, the excommunication and depolition of Kings, and devastations by fire and sword, are the ordinary marks and characters (you know) of the great Statesmen of our Order, who doe indeed most canonically hold, that these practises are most lawful for them, conducing to the growth of the Church, & vindicating our Temporall Jurisdiction over Princes. Let us not therefore faintly give over, but solace our selves, with memory of great Policies past, wherewith we have chastised Emperours, Kings, and Princes, and redacted them to the Obedience of the Mother Church: What ever we shall happen to lose by battell (as *Matchiavel* records of the Veneti-

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ans who know all the removes of their Game) Let us labour to recover the same by treatie, and be still labourers in the great Worke; Let us assemble all the powers of our soules, and combat the Cause.

I'll ambigue the *Sorbone* Genius, and squeeze the substance of all the Common-wealthes of *Europe*, ere I finde not a *Catholicon*, and Sovereigne Elixar for this new sprung Poyson, which, if the pride thereof be not counter-checked, is able to defloure the glory of our whole Church: No, no, those who will not gentlie resigne themselves, to the embracements of the ancient Apostolicke Truth, which we are sent to offer and preach to the World, as the great Pastor of the Church, must certainly be broken: And before our Miter be not adored by all, amongst Nations, Tongues, and People, I will first thresh the Mountaines and Islands of the world with a sleale, I will beat them to powder, and fanne them before the wind of my wrath; I will arme the Princes of the Earth, and cause them
over-terne them, that they never appeare
more than the Monasteries which
are sunk about *Venice*.



Alind.

C Haron have ov'r, the Ghostlie Fathers come
To thy torne Boat, and their eternall Home.
Who calls the Ferry-man of Hell? BB. It's wee
Prime Statesmen of the Roman Prelacie;
Bring not thy scurvie Barge which looks so thin
As any Cloud, as old as Sunne, and Moone,
Di'lles in these Prelates pride, they've left the Earth Ch.
Into a fair combustion, after death
They're come the very Hells for to confound,
And our Internall Common-wealth to wound.
Enter right Reverend, many Catholick Kings,
Popes, Monarchs, which this nimble Vessell brings
Each hour, into these fatall Mansions, doe
Embarque without a scruple: what are you?
Come, good my Lords, you must be rul'd by me,
You had your Time, now take your Destinie,
Though your big-bellies could engrosse a Coach,
Yet if your soules sink, I'll byde your reproch.

BB.

Ch.

Ch.

*To the Author of this Second most
flowing, and praise-worthy Speech.*

I Thought deare Frind, that first Essay of thine,
Which thou to me so kindlie didst propine,
Should prove the period of thy pretious Pen,
And pause, to which thou could not reach again.

But higher still thou springst and I do find
This Second Birth, the Modell of thy Mind
Like to a cleare Spring powring forth his drills,
Which sweetly glyding through two neighbour hills,
Wich fertile Motions Meadows overflow
Till they turne streames, and streames to Rivers grow.

So that transcending inexhausted vein,
From forth the Treasure of a fertile brain
Distills such Nectars of renewed store,
Are sweeter now, though sweetest of before.
And so no doubt, these Rivulets so cleare,
Shall of full growth faire Rivers once appeare,

M. D. Prymrose. J. C.



A N
ANSWERE

To His Holinesse

Remonstrance :

B Y

Cardinall *Antonio Di Barbirim* in
name of the rest of the Roman
Clergy, in the *Consistory* at *Rome*.



MOST HOLY FA-
THER, to whom
we convert our hum-
blest duties and sa-
crifices of our devo-
test thoughts, Great
Monarch of the
Church, to whose
Glory do all our acti-
ons bend as the last
scope of their advantage. We do most passionately
F con-

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condole the just anguish of your afflicted heart, certainly our Imaginations are so strongly seized, by the shaking of these turbulent times, that wee have almost resigned the whole powers of our Soule to feare and wonder; Our tongues are captived, and chayned up without a sound.

Wee can beare record, that your Holinesse, like Heavens glorious Luminarie, hath bountifully diffused the warme beames of Puritie, through the whole Church Catholicke, and every place thereof, You have not onely guiled the tops of the Mountaines and made the tall Cedars of Lebanon to laugh, swelling them with the graces of your nursing favours; but hath likewise daigned to visit the humble Valleies, and made the Marjoline, and Myrrhe finde the benignitie of your favourable aspect, and the influence of your Apostolicke entertainments.

Thus like the Sovereigne Good, who delights to communicate his all embracing sweetnes you would extend the skirts of your favour upon the most neglected parts of the World, even that fatall Kingdom of *Scotland* buried in darkenesse and ignorance. Wee that are the cabiner and Depository of your secret workings in the Misterie of your Episcopizing, doe well know how you have beene (as it were) hotly

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hotly courting that silly people, and with what a fatherly zeale you have wooed that rebellious and gaineſaying Nation, which hath answered the hopes of your long-wiſhed Ioy, with the high Anatheme of a cruell Covenant, and a furious Combination never to bee diſſolv'd againſt your Holineſſe, the great Officer of the Church, Christs Vicegerent on Earth, and al the Maintainers of the Articles and Ceremonies of the Romain faith. We wiſh our heads were waters, & our Eyes fountaynes of Teares, to weep for the calamities of our mother. The fears of Hereſis encrease & all our diſaſtrous diſappointments, which your Holines out of the plenitude of your wiſedome, and ſpirit of ſagacitie, hath moſt divinely laid open to our weary ſoules. Wee are fallen into the euds of the world, and perſecution muſt come for the elects ſake. Now the wicked and Heriticks doe hold the Church by the throat, and now wee muſt move every Oare, ſtraine all aſſiſtances, ſollicite all our devoted Crownes, and ſend forth the Kings of the Earth like victorious *Hercules*, to deſtroy the pullulating heads of this terrible and Herittical Serpent, & to ſuppreſſe that al-ſpreding Covenant of *ſcotland*, the moſt horrible Invention, and uſurping Monster that ever hel hatched: It hath appeared like a blazing Comet in the North (with themſelves may the event dwel of the portentuous preſage) & hath in

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*Qui male fa-
cit, odit lucem.*

many, who were otherwaies in a pretty apti-
tude, and maturity to be good Catholicks, stir-
red the spirit of Curiosity, which may marre Im-
plicit Obedience, the subversion of which Ar-
ticle, will make the whole frame of our Myste-
ry to cracke : A dangerous perspective for Laicks
to looke into our Consistory *Per Madonna san-
tissima di Loretta*. When we fall upon the busi-
nesse of that Northerne League, and the Ensign of
the Covenant displayed, wee loose our selves,
and cannot plumb that deep, It hath affrighted us
like a lightning, made all the Christian Kings
start up on their feet with an, What is it ? It is
surely a Thunderbolt, broke vpon the very head
of *S. Peters*, and proudly entring, hath over-
turned the Alters, throwne downe the Images,
dismanled the Beauty of the Church, astonished
the whole Ligators of our Mosaick Workes, and
profained the whole glory of the Temple. A
speare it is, which thrust through the bowells
of State Catholicke, hath dared the very heart
of Spirituall Monarchy.

Your Holines, whose Vigilant Eye, doth most
laboriously survey the conditions of Times and
States, and with a fatherly care watch over the
crowns & Scepters of Nations, hath in trueth and
strength of passion, most Episcopally discovered
the Monster begotten by the nimblest witted di-
vel, nursed up in these Northern desarts, & destinat

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to measure the world with his quaint paces. Wee doe feare that by the sting and rayle of a Scorpio, it shall naile the tender Church throw with shame and torment. Let us provide it cast no venome beyond Seas, for then shall it mount over the Alpes, and with his poysonable attempts, presume to assault your Holinesse owne Domesticks : Neither shall the proud Pirennees keepe it from thrusting in to *Spayne*, the most intemerate and immaculate place of the Church body; It will mock the spectacted Fathers of Inquisition, and creepe there invisiblie like *Fratres Rosa Crucis*. And no *index Expurgatorius* (which like the *Purgatory* fire, we have ever with Cathollicall Lenitie used, either for mollifying, or eradicating other Monsters) will serve to correct or banish this one. Truly, those diseased prelates (Holie Father) have spun us no fair thred, nor have they proven grand-Sophies, when by the conquest of that poor Kingdō (which would never make any considerable accession to your Revenues, but was like the drop to the Bucker,) and promoving immature Novations, they have occasioned too innocently the losse of our Game, and endangered the Mysters reputation.

If these *perturbations* doe once come unto a deepe working, and beginne to extend their prophaine *Petulancies*, We feare, your *Holines*,

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whose all adored Miter, made Prostrate Crowns to tremble, and Scepters shake, may bee glad to bee sheltered in *S. Angeloes* Castle, or run to the hornes of the *Altar*; And wee the *Suns of Harmonie*, who are the Carbuncles which adde splendour to your Spirituall Crowne, must betake our selves to the favour of *Times* and *Fortunes*, and leave our goodly Dignities with the fat of their corpulent affluence, to the devotion of sacrilegious Souldiers.

Nay certainly, if this swelling Combustion do but offer to staine the serenity of our *Heavens* with any *smoake*, and stifle our *purity*, wee are all confounded, wee are all blowne up, and the Kings of the *Earth*, the powers of the *World*, and every Soule of Man, even the begging *Capuchine*, whocan glory of nothing but his Venerable Beard, his Chappler, and torne Breviarie, shall regard your Holinesse no more, shal give you no more bended knees, nor sacrifices of Real, & Spiritual Tribute, then to the man of the Moone. And you knowe, most *Catholicke Monarch* of BBs, If those golden floods, which doe most proudly play upon the Philosophall stones of your Vatican, be once withdrawne and call'd back to their Tributary Sources, (to which you have as undoubted and irredeemable a right, as to those very omnipotent Keyes, which you carry, and to the Monopolie of all Beneficies,

By the right of
mer te, and the
Salique. law

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Benefices, which you have happily engrossed to your most *Archiepiscopall* person) Wee cannot but faint, who are fed by the refreshments of those streames: Our *Cardinall Caps*, bestowed upon us by your *Holinesse* as Garlands of our *Honour*, and *Eminencie*, must needs wither and fall away, and remove the Suns beame, where shall his glory be? If we, as so many Earth-treading Starres, who adorne the Sky of your State be stript of our Beautie, if wee shutt and fall, in what *Primum Nobile* shall your Sanctiry shine! Wee are set about the Seate of your Majestie, as Summers speckled flowry Garment, and if wee bee blasted by the Injuries of tempestuous times, what shall embellish your Holines? These are heavy trueths: but under the Rose be it spoke *Santissimo Padre*. Some blowes wee have received, more are feared: *Heavens* and *Earth* doe know, and all *Courts*, all *Churches* are filled with the fortune, or misfortune of the *great busines*; that abortive *Service* booke, and those *Canons*, have shamefully disoblighd the *Church Catholick*, and with their roaring, have awaked and disturbed all *Christendome*, and turned their sulphurious throates against their Makers. There are certainly some ungracious uncathollicall planets raging, who have powred forth the malignitie of their venomous Influence upon your reforming and *Fa-*
therly

Uno dato absurdo, multa sequuntur.

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*Not bellement
Messieurs.*

*Imp Carolus 5.
Frans. Rex
Gastia Carolus
Corbonius. Cos-
mus Med. Flo-
rentie Dux.*

therly Undertakings. The Heavens distill their
sterner frownes , and threaten us with their
baddest *Aspects*. Wee were ready to teare the
clouds with Bells ringing , and priests singing,
and thought the smoake of our Bonfires should
shortly ascend to Heaven , and staine the Sunnes
face : *But holie Father* , It's no time for quaint
speaking , wee ought not *dissemble* nor use *In-
dulgence* to our wound . Let us *mittigate* and re-
ctifie our woes as *cunningly* and *quietly* as wee
may , the spate of *disastrous* calamitie hath al-
most drowned our faire Hopes in *despaire*. A
cold feare sits black on each of our *Hearts* ; We
have not beene *well inward* with the Minde of
Destinie in the businesse of these *Northerne* Ne-
gotiations. It seemes we have not beene suffi-
ciently assisted , but deserted in this particular
Consult the Prophetes , *Set your Astrologitians*
a worke ; may be you finde , (*but Heavens*
blesse the Church Catholicke , and avert) that
some of these *Northerne Princes* have *Ca-
pricornum ascendentem in Horoscopo* , which
is , and hath ever beene the most *fatall* and *male-
volent* signe to the *Roman Empire* in all the
Zodiague : And for the trueth heereof , Wee
call the *Times* never to bee forgotten , and *Hi-
stories* of all *Ages* , to witnesse : From thence
indeed doe the first cloudes appeare ; And as
in your *Holineesse Remonstrance* was piously ob-
served

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served, all Propagations of Emperors, all
 Irruptions and Effusions of People, are ever
 found to have beene from the North to
 the South. If this bee the inclination of
 our averse Spheares thus unkindely to use
 Vs: If this be the purpose of him who beholds the
 Ends of the World, to present this cup to the Ro-
 mane Prelacie, and put our spirituall King-
 dome, which wee beleve shall prosper so
 long as the Heavens cover the Earth, thus
 in Jeopardie: Certainly those Vncircumcised
 Lyons, will teare Us to pieces, and make
 Banners of our Catholicke Skinnies, and
 scratch your Myter, (whose shadow was
 revered by Princes of the Earth) to ve-
 ry contemptible and forgotten Atomes, and
 powder your Supream selfe in *Enithers* Bar-
 rell: They will Sacke Your Citie, the
 Queene of the Earth, treade upon the Worlds
 Trophees, and fill the Holiest place with Abho-
 mination of desolation.

Where ever wee send forth our enqui-
 ring Eyes, they report nothing from all the
 corners of the World, but sad entertainem-
 ents of these feares, and appearances of muta-
 tions from that Kingdom of *Scotland*, (which
 is now most desperately diseased of a swelling
 Tympanie or some Pluresie, incurable but by the
 G voiding

*Assyrii vice-
 runt Chaldeos.
 Assyrios Media
 Græci Persas:
 Romani Pænos:
 Gothi Roma-
 nos: Turce
 fregerunt Ara-
 bes: Tartari
 Turcas: Angli
 Gallos: Scoti
 Anglos.*

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The Service
booke, which
produced most
soveraign, and
generous grapes

Their Eyes
were anointed
with omnipotent
Baulme.

Light is sown
for the righteous.

voyding of that prevailling bloud which over-
rules or offends the Head, and choakes the
Heart,) As the source of our reproach, the
fountaine of our shame, doe wee deryve, the
streames of our injuries and calamities, and
and to those all-despised Hereticks like wayes do
we justly impute the advancements of the same.
Your Holines ever sollicit to gain that which is
lost, had emitted your faithfull labourers, & plan-
red a Vine, which for the time was very luxuriant,
and did proudly spring like *Iomas* Gourd, but
alas, that unexpected poysonable worme of the
Covenant, hath encroached upon the Heart there-
of, and vowed to suck out the very soule of it.

Eheu quam levibus percutit ingentia caussis!

Nay, this worme is like to bee metamorphosed
in a flying Dragon, and infest the whole Christian
world. Your Holinesse did mercifully elance a sa-
ving Beame upon that Cimmerian Land; which
was kindly welcommed by those who had sub-
mitted themselves to bee doctrine by our
fomenting suggestions, and it did most ef-
fectually animate them to great performances.
Wee were made hopefull to see the day break
foorth gloriously, for the Cockes fell a
crowing, which told us the nights de-
parture, yet have they maliciously closed their
Eyes, rejected the lights comfort, and most hit-
terly banished those faithfull Evangelists, nay
with

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with a more perfect hatred and meritorious violence than ever *Loyala's* Tribe was turned out from among the straight-lac't Venetians; And now they thinke (reprobate soules) that they have reproachfully mounted them as it were on the Asses of Indignitie , and send them to the land of *Nad* with an *Eccola fisco* , Yet nothing so, but the pale Horse of a Civill, and Temporall death at worst ; upon which, Triumphant Martyrs, they have entred Paradise, and necessary it was, blessed Father, that they should be removed from the Contagions, and conversation of the wicked, that when the deserved devastations and devourings shal break forth in the fulnes of their rage, they might laugh at their persecutors in the day of their destruction: Thus was the good *Josias* called to his eternall home before Babilons captivitye , And the most Cathollicke Bishop S. *Augustines* death, like a gentle starres fall, did fore-run and point out the subversion of the city of *Bone*. Those are the rampards of the Church, which must be taken down, that the Inundation of desolation may burst in & swallow the Trophees of insulting Heresie. For even as the sagacious Swallow, doth retire her young ones, before the approaching fall of the crasie Vault: so are the blessed souls, Heavens Mignons promiscuously confounded with the tumultuous Heretickes , singled by, and

G 2

list

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lift above the reach of danger , before the publicke ruines. All these impieties and Oppressions have no more harmed, the if a man out of his fury and anger would thinke to afflict and drowne the harmelesse captived fish by throwing it in a river ; For wee are bold to perswade in the courage of victorious spirituall Souldiers , that all these sentences, Excommunications , Extrusions and other furies , whereby sacrilegious Blasphemie hath exerceed the height of Tyrannie against Trueths Heraulds, shall prove in end like *Sampsons* Lyon, Out of the strong shall come sweet , Their Righteousnesse shall spreade as the morning , and their Glory shall be terrible as an Armie with Banners: though they now sleepe, yet it is not to the death. Indeed fortune for all this , hath dealt Vs a very bad Game at this Tour , but yet a little , and the Cards shall bee shuffled; they have refused our saying & Catholick cursesies , and kickt againe , they have affrighted Us with Lightnings ; But may bee , wee shall crush those Terrestriall Heads with Thunder and blow away their Designes as chaffe before the winde ; And though the Lutherans and our Adversaries doe fatten themselves with their Insultings over Us, and thinke we have so deeply tasted the bitterness of that last Overthrow, which our Catholick friends, your Holines nimble Executioners, & those likewayes of your Holines owne Familie did larelie suffer by Sea, in advancing

*The spaniards
and Italians*

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vancing your Evangelical Intentions; and though they stick not to flater their abused souls, with this confidence, that now there are no more *Cōstāntines* to be found who dare hold up the banner of the Crosse, nor any to march under the same, yet must we be espoused to new resolutions of recovery, and let the triumphing snakes duly find that our Arms are not shortned, our wings are not clipt, & that neither are the Kingdoms subjected to our two all commanding swords, exhaust of the true faiths defenders, Nor *India*, & *Peru* yet prompt of Red and white Earth; which shall produce Vs Children to maintain Truths Garland; even in the midst of our Enemies; for our Chymists are excellent Operators, and can extract the Sovereign Baulm, and very effectually apply it to the suspect places, which being cunningly adhibite with the concurrence of your Apostolick Benedictions & Encouragements, wee have seene have such a powerfull Operation, that it hath never ceased till awaking an Intestine discord; at length it hath cast out al redundant and noxious humours, and expelled the root of the disease. And as to that little sniffe which our Apostolicke Navy hath received; partly by the Indiscretion of the Sea, and uncurtesie of the Windes, (for amongst these Hugenotes, the very aire and water are Puritans) and partly by the neglect and connivance of Princes; Be it knowne wee have already digest that little tickling Pill of misfortune, as

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The Armado
which came
displayed in
forme of the
Moone Cres-
cent.

clearly as wee have eclipsed the memorie of the
Crescent in the 88.

But here we spare to stretch our selves on these
regrates, your Episcopall providence wil smel the
storme asarre, looke to the prevailing thereof,
and find out the most powerfull meanes to elude
the dangers of these tumbling times, that the
afflicted Church, as the Lilly among Thornes,
may looke sweet and glorious as the Moone in
her full pride: Yet by the presumptions of Times,
one thing seemes to bee sure, If wee might
see Fates booke, The Senate house of Planets
hath at no time beene more unfriendly set for the
acting of some strange Trage-comedie in *Europe*.

Which makes Vs call to minde the pernicio-
us prophesies of those Vnchristian Dames,
those *Sybilles*, who like phanatick *Syrenes*, have
intoxicate the world, and so strongly posselt the
soules of those who are conversant with curio-
sity, that many good Catholickes, and of
high endowments, poysoned with their Greek
Musick, doe enterraine secret opinions and fears
of a very farall period, ordained for our spirituall
Kingdome; for in those their profane Invectives,
and hell-blowne Satyrs, wherewith they have
persecuted your Holinesse Throne (as the spirit
of delusion doth cheate the worlds beliefe) and
your Seate, this Citie likewayes, (which looks
like the Moone amongst the lesser Starres) though
free

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shee bee stellified to Heaven, yet those unpure
 Spirits, with their usurping uncatholick pens,
 have presumed to lay her horne in the dust; And
 they have presented the Map of after-times (to
 those who will Idolize their Oracles) so farre to
 the disadvantage and shame of your Holines high
 Calling, that all the resplendant Rayes of our
 dazeling pomp, wherewith wee have obfuscar,
 even at a great distance, the rest of Nations, must
 bee drowned for sooth in the smoake of an utter
 ruine and endlesse confusion, Your Holines pur-
 ple, and our scarlet roabes wherewith wee dark-
 ned the Eyes of beholders, and enamoured the
 admiring stranger, by a profane and poetickall
 fury they have turned over our heads, and reioyce
 to have our nakednesse displayd to the world.
 Surely a strange Enthusiasme in these Feminine
 Braines, yet these Times may fortune to renew
 the Idea's which those Chimerick Impressions
 have given to the more facile soules, who are ea-
 sily carried about with every winde of beliefe, for
 now there is a great unconstancie and certayne
 kinde of Brankings in many parts, even amongst
 the sons of your Institutions, Heires of your
 unmeasured Designes, expectants of the Blessed
 Chaire, and those on whom *Ignatius & Mat-*
chamell, the two Genius of the Myter, had pow-
 red a double measure of their spirits.

In the second
 book of the O-
 racles of Sybil-
 la, at this part
 --- *beminum tū
 denique seculum,
 Exisset deci-
 mum.*

Spirituall and
 Temporall
 Counsellours.

Every alteration in States, even to the bet-
 ter

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ter, your Holines knowes, is dangerous : And whether the newes of this great Change, of a patriarch to bee set up in *France*, have arrived at your Holines Ghostly Eares, or not, wee are ignorant : You may descend to view what face the purpose hath, and try the pedigree from whom it came, and whither it goes. Out of the profundity of your infallible Iudgement, your Holines can obviat the impertinencie of any Event, and devance the consequence of this springing. You best know, what conduceth both to the Glory, Growth, and Indemnitie of the Church, and for the Honour and Majestie of your owne Throne : But truely, Wee the Fathers of the Conclave, doe thinke it to bee a very strange Boutade, and a labouring designe pregnant with many monstrous productions ; And that his vehement and Polypragmaticke spirit, through the insolencie and indulgence of a swelling fortune, cannot rest, but making eruption beyond the limits of his Vocation, with an inordinate appetite of Glory, shall aspire to the top of the Pyramide. Such exorbitant humours are most apt to confound the order of Geometrick proportion, and being voyde of a Politique Mansuetude, indocile or blinde Obedience, Lovers of Mutations, are most fertile of Emulations, and Civill Warres, and oftentimes involve all in a dolefull conflagration. This
(as

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(as many other Emergencies of these Times) seemes to bee the beginning of a deviation, which cannot end but in Apostasie, especially among that Nation, which doth ever please it selfe in changes : Could not (Holie Father) all the Crownes in *France* serve, to stay his vast ambition, unlesse he had something above his Cardinalls Coronet likewayes ? Presse into the inner Cabinet of these Designs, there your Holines may well finde, which cannot bee consistent with your Myter.

For though your Holines hath now obscured the brightnesse of the Patriarches of the East, and hath erected your Apostolick Crest to that unparalleled height of Preeminencie, from whence you doe stately overlooke them, and all other Churches, even as the Mountaines of *Ararat*, whereupon the Arke rested, lifted up their welcome, and triumphing tops, above the decreasing waters, yet the appearing of this Patriarch; as of a new unknown Starre, may beget a desire in the Laicks, to study the motion of our Heavens too officiously, and so run the hazard of revolting Heresies, in their Supererogatory contemplations. For your Holines cannot forget to remember, that howbeit by the Florentine and Laterane Councils it was unanimously and Canonically concluded, that the foure Patriarches of *Constantinople*, *Antiochia*, *Alexandria*, and *Ierusalem*

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lem should receive their mantle, the signe of plenitude of their pontificall dignitie, from your Holy hands, and after the order of the assigned precedencie, tender the Oath of allegiance to the Romane Prelate, at whole appearance in his fullest Grace, they must put up their beames and disapppeare; yet they have alwayes had Protestations of reluctancie, and rebound to the title of their patriarchall Dignitie, holding themselves iso-Presbyters, composed of that same stuffe whereof Popes are said to bee made, and can hardly bee induced to humble themselves to the dependance of a derivation, or restrayned from transcending the Category of subordination: Nay certainly, it dorth relish too much of an exemption from the Romane Sea and studie of Monarchie: Wee should not have wondred so profusely to have seene such Hierarchicall Ambition, point out his presumptuous head, in the remoter parts of *Brittain*, and *Ireland*, being so farre distant from the Influence of your pacificke Scepter, (the advancements being there but very greene as yet) not attained their flourishing lustre. Foreven as the Windes and Raines doe exerce a mutuall rage, shooting forth their luxuries in the lower parts of the Ayre, where they raigue in their turbulent Kingdome, but in the higher Regions thereof, nigh to the Fires Orbe,
and

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and approaching the Sunne , no motion, no agitation , but a gentle calme doth continually dwell : So certainly in those forgotten and barbarous places , not apt for the spirit of Obedience, the true Author of peace ; No wonder there bee commotion and scandals : but in *France* the very Myters Eye to build Altars of offence , it may beget a storme , which will force Vs pull downe our Sailes , If wee escape shipwracke : And if the Pagan Souldiers, made scruple to use Christs Reverend Roabe so rudely , as to teare the same ; how deservedly ought they to bee redargued , who prepare the renting of his sacred Bodie , the Church, with their ambitiously swelled zeale?

The crying necessities of these Times which looke too sullen , and the Exigencies of the affronted Church , if there bee pittie amongst Vs, and Holy zeale to vindicate her credite , would wring from us poyson to kill all the policies of *Europe*. Yet (Holie Father) though the powers of Heresie should combine and concentrate their malice , though the frame of the Vniuerse should be disjointed, we have a never-failing promise, that the gates of Hell shall not prevaile against us. Heavens great Substitute, Absolute Father of the Church, if ever power did shew a Masterie in you, let it now appeare, and make the redacted World stand amazed.

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*O nimium dilecta Deo cui militat aether,
Et conjurata curuato poplite gentes
Succumbunt——
Tu ne cede malis, sed contra audentior ipsis.*

*Ecclesiast evoluti
est Monarche.*

There's Elixar of braine and spirit amongst Us, and the God of riches lies imprisoned in our Cabines and Monasteries. Let Us doe any thing to rule alone, though it bee very rare to see the World ruled by one: The most proud and obstinate Resistances are aloft, and now a dayes womens soft soules are wrought up to a masculine malice and resolution; for persecuting Truth, and hugging Error: Therefore make your wrath likewise to swell. Extend your mighty Armes, call up the Princes of the earth, let the sounds of your Alarm be heard from one end of heaven to the other, and straight behold the Kings and potentates, like children of obedience shall forsake their palaces, out of a filiall submission, and leave their stately Magnificence to bee possess'd of solitude, inhabited by Bats and Owles, and entrust their dearest Queenes to the benevolence of Church-men, and Eunuches; Then will they multer their forces, employ their Scepters, and straine all the Nerves of their Kingdome for the well of the Cause Catholicke.

Let it alwayes be the chiefeſt of our cares, the first

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first of our desires, to hold up warre immortall, ever to trouble the calme of peace, to shut up the Seas, to disable, to dis-joyne, to inspire our Emisseries, and Incendiaries, with the spirits of dissimulation and division, to infold all State policies in confusion, to choake all, to inflame all with a most Catholike combustion, for certainly some cruelties are better and more necessary, than silly improfitable Mildnesse, which like a cold and barren quality, can never mature the Churches growth. No, no, the braying of Canons, the dawbing of Drums are good Catholike Musicke, by which our Apostolick expeditions use to advance the Spirituall kingdome, and goe in procession through the world, Our motions must be restlesse & busie, like that of the heavens, every one bestirring himselfe in his owne sphere. And your Holinesse with most grave, and venerable alacritie, will give the strong impulse. Wee in the Conistorie, and those ministring and subtle spirits of that rich seed-plot of *Sorbone*, shall come such riddles, and shall so inveagle the Heretick soules and Churches, that Kings shall find themselves enough puzzled. From this holy Citadell, this impregnable Capitoll, our spirituall Engineeres, who are most Canonically bred, and authentically practised, shall throw such fierie Bals among Nations and People, as those that dare oppose Truths Candor, shall bee purin a terrible damp.

H 3

Gce

*Flettere frequen-
tius superos
Acheronta mo-
uebur.*

From the
Conclave.

The Popes Conclave.

Go to (holy Father) move strongly, as becomes the state of your courage, and in a high sweld Metropolitan confidence, blow downe the strong holds of Errour; Remove the Isles out of the sea, and shake the mountaines that stand up so heretically against the promised, the prophesied Reformatiōs to the faith *Catholike*; Never unbend your infallible Bow, till you have hit the conquered marke of your most *Euangelick* Intentions, our adversaries must not erect the Trophees of their ambition upon the ruines of our reproaches. Wee will first fetch the compasse of the *World*, and conglomerate our undaunted forces, like a destroying and inexorable tempest, to sweep away Truths Enemies. All our Convents shall first be turned into Fence-schools, before the Great Cause be disgraced. We will defend mainly, engage our very *Crucifixes*, and Hypothecat our *Cardinals Caps* before the *Mitres* honour be any whit touched.

But now because many Incumbencies advertise us to dissolve, and some strange Embassadors attend your Holinesse from whose bosome they come to receive *Apostolick* directions, to lead them as a Starre in the way to the hill of Greatnes, where the *Laurells* of triumph doe condignly attend them: Wee forbear to presume on this Times importance, onely daring represent to your Holinesse, how necessary it is to imploy
pens

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pens, policies, and power, to rack all our might for advancing our holy intentions, and breaking the clouds of Errour and Heresie, which are like to over-spread the whole World: Consider how the crying necessities of our bleeding Primitive Mother doe implore the same: In the meantime (till your Holinesse have more precious leisure to bestow upon further Catholike Resolutions) let there bee a grand Apostolick *Nuncio* dispatched upon the wings of speed to the Isle of *Britain*, (if there bee any courtesie to receive him there worthily) Even strongly assisted with the spirit of Truth, which your Holinesse Predecessors did usually send to the Tridentine Councell for the actuating of those infallible members, and extirping of Heresie. Instruct him deeply how to proclaim to the world, and write it on the skie with Letters of gold never to be forgotten, and print it in the Records of Histories to all after ages, that though Religion bee the common presence of discontent amongst these untamed Hereticks, wherewith they use to maske their unbridled licence, their affronted boldnesse, their high contempt of Soveraigntie, and dare commit any Impiety, guilded with the lustre of Sanctiry: Yet nothing is so strongly desired, nothing so truly intended by them, abhorring the order of subjection, than to shake off the yoke of Monarchie, & breake the Cords of Spirituall and Temporall jurisdiction,

vVell blown
Seignior.

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isdiction, with the swing of their desperate frenzie.

It will not bee inexpedient likewise to cause some others, who are enriched with the strength of more subtle abilities, and doe cunningly know how to creep into the mindes and Cabines of princes, and take dominion there, be sent forth with all convenience, for subverting the Machinations of these Matchiavilian Calvinists: Let Authority, Lords of Power, and Masters of Time be taught (for Clemencie is the Nurse of Rebellion) how to presse them downe with weight, though the conspiring Crew that breaths nothing but fire, and vomits blasphemie, who hath consecrate their Estates, and espoused their neglected lives to the lust of Revolting, should crie out violence, and rigour, and crueltie, and tyrannie, and craft, and malice; for those things have been the Sovereigne and effectuall wayes of our enlargings, and it is the Mysterie of grear nesse to hold the inferiours still ignorant of it, and strike like Lightning and Thunder.

Moreover; Because the seditious furie of unruly multitude (even as a tumbling flood acquiring strength to it selfe by moving, carryes all it meets before it in a precipice) doth waxe to such a prevailing strength as none can hold out against the bitter nesse of the tempest: Therefore let us worke wisely, and as men use to disappoynt the

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the over-flowings of undaunted Rivers, by branching them in little weake Rivalets; thus to ex-
temperate the impetuositie of the maine streame, by
diverting the fulnesse of indocile waters; and
turning them aside. So must wee (in a degree more
than becomes Supremacie to stoop) flatter a
while; and nourish the hopes, and entertaine
the desires of Conspirers, distract the mindes of
the multitude, weaken them by the breach of
Union, and delude them most egregiously; for
so long as those Conventions rule, whereby the
consent of the abused People receives most poiso-
nable Aliment; and they become fortified in
their Errour, than each provokes another, even
as the Billowes of the enraged Sea are driven for-
ward by their urging and importune fellowes.

Therefore must it bee amongst the first of the
Articles of your Atourneyes Instructions; exceed-
ingly to labour this point, that those their great
Councells; infallible Assemblies; and unwar-
ranted Synagogues of Hypocrites, bee most di-
vinely impeded; and that Parliaments bee broke
up, and crushed in the bud both in Scotland; and
England for those confluences of demure divells,
have ever given Vs the grearest dash, and beene
the very bane of our agonies.

Wee hope withall, your Holines out of the
bowels of pittie, cannot forget the miserable pre-
lates; your faithfull Labourers. It is indeed
their

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their fortune; (through too eager and unadvised zeale, to the glory of raising Atrars to your Holines purposes, in that land where they lived) and not their fault, that thus they are left in the wildernesse of Times and Povertie, make them taste therefore of the sweetnes of your Remembrances, for it were high indignitie to your Holinesse, the Prince of Bishops, to let those silly Soules engage their Surplis, and Service-books, for the maintenance of their laborious lives.

Amongst all other expedencies, here is one likewayes which cries extremely, that since we had very justly anchored our best Expectations upon the Northerne Cities of that rigid and unfortunate Island of Scotland, where indeede the Religion pretended was never perfectly welcomed, and that by our last intelligence wee have learned they have likewise joyned hand with Impietie, and divorcing themselves from the loyalty of the great worke, have entred the dance with the rest of the giddy Hereticks, neglecting our resentments of most Catholick Services done, and our encouragements to persevere, that yet notwithstanding there might be some zealous Invention and spirituall stratagem found how to regaine them, and to redeeme them from that deserved perdition which follows Heresie.

The City of
Aberdene ho-
noured by em-
bracing the
Covenant.

The Lords of
the parliament

And as to the Parliamentary stage-men, who do now personat so bravely, we hope before they come

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come to the last Act of the Play, where they trust to bring in your Holiness as a Myrrour Bousone, if there be any soule amongst us, we shal do our best to make their dalliance Epilogue in a Tragedy, and overturn the Stage upon the Actors.



THUS spake the Monstrous Beast, whose voice is thunder,
Whose Poyson's Myserie, whose wayes are Wonder :
Thus Babels States-men, and the purpletraine
Did blow their fierie zeale, and did complaine,
Giving their Lawes to times and destinies,
Subject in Heav'n's will to their policies :
But He that dwells betwixt the Cherubins,
Doth looke, and laugh, and mock their hid designs :
Deare Israels watch-man, and the King of Kings,
From whose fierer mouth an angry smiter springs,
Shall incontrolled come in flaming Ire,
Arm'd with just plagues, and pouring floods of fire :
He knowes his Church is torn, He sees her moe,
He knowes her griefes are full, Her teares ore-flow :
Her renting cries have wound great Judah's Lion,
Her heaue moanes have mov'd the Lamb of Sion :
Great treasures of revenge he hath in store,
To waste upon his foes, who 'las so sore
Have bruis'd Her with a cruell Iron rod,
And thrust Her thorow, and on Her glorie trod.
Vengeance descends from Heav'n, she doth display
Her angrie furie ; No, she cannot stay,

Sh' bath briu'd her Vialls full of bitterest wrath,
That e're annoy'd the afflicted earth:
Loe Justice howes the beav'ns, and sweetly daignes
T'espose her cause, and heare what she complaines,
That Incense smoake, which from the Saints doth rise
Hath mounted up, and entred through the skies.
And now the painted Monster who did ride
Vpon the Temples Pinacle, and guid
Abus'd Republicks Reines, she before whom
The people of the earth did gladly come
Prostrate to pay their Worship, must be thrown
Into the Sea, great she must be cast down
From that resplendent Thrones insulting glorie,
Which was the pride of times, and the worlds storie.
Shee's drunke with laughter, and did tyrannize
O're all the parts where Phoebus casts his Rayes.
But now the fatal period comes, and those
Who by the living Gods seale doe rejoyce:
(The Glorious Covenant, which distills a showre
Of valiant Champions, girt with Heavenly pow'r)
The sons of wonder, loe they come, they come
With threatening Banners to the walls of Rome:
With Crownes upon their heads, Palmes in their hands,
They'll shake the seven hills where proud Babel stands.
Tremble, O tremble, Queene of Nations, now
Thy walls, which did disdain to stoope, and bow,
Must humbled be at Gods great Covenants call,
Thy Crowne is with'ned, now thy Garlands fall:
Thy stately towres which did insulting rise
To over-looke the earth, and threat the skies,

Doe quake and hide their palse heads for feare,
When this triumphing splendor doth appeare.
As thou hast made all Nations to be drunk
With thy debaucher, so thou shalt be sunk.
Vpon the wings of speed thy ruine flies,
Ripe are thy woes, readie thy miseries:
Thou'lt bid the Alps and Apennines fall on thee,
And keepe thee from the hills that rush upon thee.
All thy inueigling Rayes, like clouds of errorr,
Shall drowned be with lightnings and with terrour
Of that prevailing Beauty, whose sun-like face
Doth all the world inflame, and sweetly chace
Disloyall thoughts, this warmes, and doth allure
Our chaste desires unto a love more pure.
Ah cruell Counsellours and inhumane,
Ye paint the Clouds, yee doe combine in vaine,
Ye blow but at the Sun, while yee presume
In vaine to vexe the truth, your soules consume.
O spare th' afflicted Lillie, O forbear
Your cruell pungent thornes, which doe the faire
And Head'n-blowne flower of Jesse wound: No pittie
Vpon the harmlesse Dove, so sweet, so pretie?
Great He that holds the Times, and the Worlds end,
Doth heare your Blasphemies, He'll' gainst you bend
The angrie arrowes of his Indignation,
And recompence your high abomination.
Your Rabbies, Sophies, Matchwilian Crew
Forsake your Counsellors: What thinke yee to doe?
Would yee confound the Heav'ns, and people hell,
Drowne the poore world in bloud, and trouble all?

The car-
dinals &
the Ro-
man cler-
gie.

Must

Must yee like Tennis-balls thus canuasse Crownes,
Must Scepters stoop t'usurping Myters frownes?
Shall flour'ishing Kingdomes, shall proud Monarchies
Be th' humble foot-stoole of your Hierarchies?
Are yee the Ocean unto which they pay
Their tributarie streames? Tell me I pray
(You spirits of truth and meeknesse) why ye swell
To such a furious tempest? I pray you tell.
Is t' cause our Covenant shall Epilogize
Your joyes, and Fortunes in sad Tragedies?
Are all the secrets of the Prophecies,
Pow'r'd forth upon your naked Mysteries?
Is dire destructions black houre come? Hath light
Betray'd your shame unto the worlds delight?
So so it is: and hence doe spring your feares:
These dayes doe speake, and multitude of Teares
Might teach you wisdom. Now the pow'rs of heaven
Are shaken, and our Redemption shall be seen.
The glorious morning spreads upon the Mountaines,
Saluations Wells are ope, and all the fountaines
(Which yee, alas, had poyson'd) now burst forth,
With joyes redundant floods to fill the Earth.
Oh that yee would returne! Oh that yee would
Once teare the Maske of Errour, and behold
How superstitions face doth looke awry,
And so divorce you from Idolatrie.
To Vs the light is sowne, and you must yeeld,
T' Eternall Truth: Gods Scepter wins the field.
No, no, ye must give ore. Can you but stay
The sweet Aurore from giving us the day?

Or hold the heavens ? forbid the winds to blow ?
Or stop the thunder ? and the flowres to grow ?
Then may yee mock the dread Jehovahs blast,
And build your Glorie when he downe doth cast.
His conquering sword shal valiantly controule
The Beasts signes, and reigne from Pole to Pole :
Ev'n as the darknes all amaz'd retires
When welcome and victorious light appeares,
So shall the Antichrist confounded be
With brightnesse of this killing Majestie.

Sperandum, & ferendum.



Intelligence

Orbed. The sun's rays, which the world to bloom
Of day, the sun's rays, and the light to glow
Then may see more, the sun's rays, the sun's rays
And build your world, the sun's rays, the sun's rays
His conquering sword, the sun's rays, the sun's rays
The world's light, the sun's rays, the sun's rays
Even as the darkness is away, the sun's rays
It then with ease and diffidence light appears
So shall the darkness be, the sun's rays, the sun's rays
With brightness, the sun's rays, the sun's rays

Spenser, 2. 1. 1. 1.



Intelligence

Intelligence from the
Apostolicke Nuncio II.

*Conte di Rozzetti, now residing
at London, to Pope Urban 8.*

May it please your Holinesse,



He humble Zeale to acquit my
selfe loyall to your Apostolick
employments, and the perfecti-
on of that great worke for which
I was sent hither, made me hasten
with my trembling Pen in hand to drop out
some advertisements to you, in behalfe of
Truths Candor, who never in greater extre-
mity then this, doth make her pittifull ad-
dresse to your Holines, by whose protection
she is secured from the insolent affronts of the

K

Vulgar :

The Nuntios Letter

Vulgar : Being distressed, she makes you her faire sanctuary ; being wounded, shee makes you her soveraigne balme. I know this unfortunate Paper of Intelligence, shall swell your vext soule mightily, and affright all *Italy* with feare, and wonder. Yet if your heart bee not split asunder with grieve, and terrour ; or if there be any counsell, or courage left in your *Conclave*, looke to the Agony of the Miter, which is now sicke, even sicke to the death : Lift up your weeping eyes, consider the Times, and Seasons ; and let the spirit of Prudence preserve us from utter perdition, least this reprobate indocile Iland make us very quickly a reproach and opprobry to the world.

It would certainly burne the hearts of all true Catholicks with consuming anguish to looke upon the present distempers, and to thinke how glorious your Kingdome had lookt by this time, like a Colossus upon the columnes of strength and policy ; scorning Thunder, and out-lasting tempests : if Wee had never angled in that abhorminable Kingdome

to the Pope.

dome of *Scotland*, nor sollicite the returne of that stubborn people to us so hotly: for surely belike they will awake all *Christendome*, and pervert the world. Your Holines did behold them with the Eye of disdain, lookt askint upon them (as the Sun doth) and conceived these *Northernes* to be but dull, and halfe spirited soules; who could not discover plots, resist the Majesty of your intentions, nor mount to their wishes in a direct line without stop, or hinderance; but let mee tell your sanctity, They resolve to goe on (armed with their Princes smile) and destroy your very name, your memory, your ashes, with as easie a freedome, as rough winds demolish crasse buildings.

Not content with that great disgrace they have done your Apostolick dignity, in their owne Church, (now indeed deserted, and desperate) by that Covenant, (which Wee thought a filly shrub, but is now growne a sturdy Oake; and waxeth stately like the proud Cedar) They have moy'd a banner against the residue of our hopes in *England*:

The Nuntios Letter

for the Episcopall expedition, and holy war
against the Hereticks, and Rebels most dam-
nably succeeding (which will make a black,
and shamefull history to embellish the Vati-
can Library) they have come forward incen-
sed, and with strange pretences (as brave
men, who in their awfull palmes doe beare
about better destinies, and command even
fate it selfe) advance our destruction strong-
ly; for albeit Wee did little regard their
harmelesse simplicity, and mocked all their
sayings, which they distilled soft as Oyle; yet
Wee have now found their sting, sharper
then two edged swords; for they have so
poysoned the world; with their Pamphlets,
their Papers, and new tricks of a Reformation
(as they call it : a thing as contrary to the
mystery of your kingdome, as light to dark-
nesse) that now nothing can compose the
fury of the Obstinate people, nor smoothe
the commotions, unlesse Episcopacy first of
all be throwne over-board; and then having
given the swinge to the wheele of their
phancy, no hopes of rest.

Your

to the Pope.

Your Holinesse had wisely, and effectually too established your right, and continued your possession in those parts, by that Hierarchy: But now the glory is departed from those mighty Champions; They are chased too and fro as a forsaken leaf before the wind, and know not where to pitch; And he also that ere while was the great Primate of England, *alterius Orbis Patriarcha*, for a Throne of eminency, is like to be brought upon the Scaffold of delinquency; and the rest of the holy fathers of this Church, lovers of peace, and most religious observers of the old Apostolick eminency, for the honour of the Church, and glory of the Gospell, are likewise trembling, every day ready to be offered up as a sacrifice to the publick hate. The valorous Pens of your Emissaries, and faithfull labourers are now discouraged, lulled asleepe, and turned against themselves. The Authors of the most meritorious Peecces are now arreigned before the hereticall Tribunals, and shall hardly be brought off, if the strength of your policy, and assiduity of your

K 3 prayers

to the Pope.

prayers doe not prepare their safety. Their shining vertues, by which they ought to have beene so deare to the Church of *Rome*, are now wrapt in clouds of shame. All things move crossly; and now when our affaires were even ripening, and our just hopes pregnant with conceit of wreaths, and triumphs, behold We are filled with nothing but disappointments, and apprehensions of farther reaching woes.

I know the portentuous newes of the *Scottish* and *English* treaty (which fills all Courts, and Kingdomes) hath long ere now afflicted your most sacred eares: for the estates of *Scotland* (which We can never name without shame and anger) have given order to their Commissioners (Embassadours of our overthrow) to treat with the Peeres of *England* for the production of an established peace betwixt the two Nations, and so consequently for preparing worse dayes to us, then the miseries of the most disastrous war: They are linked together like two malignant powerfull Planets in conjunction,
who

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who have such forceable influence in the Times, that they cast forth a flood of fire, and animate every thing against us with a dangerous temper. By the conference of this treaty (which joynes their interlaced minds in an individuall league) and by the prophane canvassing and supercilious, contrectation of the highest mysteries of State, We see how they have over-done us, and over-witted us in all our policies : It shall bee found (most holy Father) true as the eternall Verities, that their union will prove our infallible confusion. And that ordinary remedy of a division, which has oftentimes proved so effectually, in such exigencies will likewise now forsake us : for all their purposes, their Judgments, their affections,

*(Like as a vimple smiling flame
Meeting another, growes the same)*

Are now but all one, pointing upward with their heads, not to heaven, but to the top of their execrable hopes, being no other
then

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then to see your Venerable Miter (which so long hath beene the terrour of Princes) buried in the dust; never did plots thrive like theirs; every day, and every circumstance of time adds a new degree of strength to their machinations; fortifying themselves against us most sensibly, even as by the continuall revolution of the approaching Sun We find the day is enlengthned, and the summer begotten. There be greater considerations in hands then the curious rules of ceremonies, which I confesse did multiply most egregiously, after the Majesty, and decency of the *Italian* splendour: certainly their actions doe carry an unusuall weight, and sutable to themselves doe flye at an unusuall height. Their progresse is swift, and powerfull, as is the progresse of unlimited fire in a populous City; or like winds, whose force doe at their birth rend open the stubborne wombe of the dull earth.

I have skrewed my selfe as cunningly as I could in the bosome of their intelligence, and found the pulse of the businesse, but I
declare

to the Pope.

declare my sagacity failes me if they doe not thirst after the very heart-blood of your honour, and combine for your finall fall; and all this under the gallant name of Loyalty to their King, and specious pretext of defending the faith. Oh the cunning Hereticks the Scots! they have besieged us most subtilly, and sprung a mine as it were, under your Holinesse owne throne.

Amongst other inveagling devices, they have coined such a blasphemous way of arguing against Venerable Episcopacy, that it will prove most destructive of that heavenly Hierarchy, by which your Holinesse had anchored on the beauty of this Church; and this malignancy is followed with congruity of humours so easily elemented, that I doubt the miserable ~~some~~ thing can escape shipwracke in this hell-blowne tempest. They laugh at the authority of our Church, they scorne the arguments of antiquity, saying that Truth did precede error; and all the considerations of pompe and state, and externall magnificence they hold lighter then vanity.

L

As

The Nuntyos Letter

As to the Assembly of the high Court of Parliament, here (upon which all hereticke Churches doe gaze more superstitiously then the *Indians* looke upon the Sun which they adore) is more terrible then many Armies with banners, and by unmercifull wayes intends a mighty vengeance against the *Romish* and Prelate faction. They are in a strange motion, and run a tyde cleane contrary to our standing; some wonderfull assistance must prompt the times dangerously, and the great body of this justly redoubted Parliament, is like to have a vertue too immense for one region to containe, and moves with greater Majesty then as it were resolved to confine its revolutions within the narrow limits of this Iland; for the policies are so many and transcendent, their resolutions so firme and immovable, that they are easily powerfull not onely to banish the Catholicks out of their owne Land, but doe violence to the *Romish* faith in the heart of *Italy*, and perswade the *Turkes* and *Barbares* to become hereticall Impostors. It is able to make

to the Pops.

make your Ancestors breake their mable lodgings, come forth and quarrell this superlative tury, which riots so boundlessly. Hee that would dis-compele this Parliament, must first overthrow a Kingdome, a Prince, a Law; nay else as easily might hee commixe with lightnings, or call backe a Thunder-bolt, as offer to restore it: for it is diseased in mind, diseased past recovery. All the Canons, and constitutions of that sacred Synode (which were truly the Magazin of our spirituall strength) are here bitterly pestered, and swept away; and the children of Policy, who made the advancement of your estate and honour the greatest part of their study, are now most dangerously censured, and made the deplored subject of the times. They take as little notice of your off-spring, the reverend Prelats, as the surly North does of the Snow; which when it has engendered, its wild breath scatters through the earth forgotten. If businesse take so hot a working, truly for what I can conjecture by the purposes of heaven, or earth, all the Lawrels

The Nuntios Letter

growing on your Holinesse Crest will bee turned to Cypres, serving to no use but to adorn your funeralls; and the Cardinalls, Arch-bishops, and Bishops of *Italy* shall bee shortly sent to visite their cold Urnes, and the Nunnes left to keepe warme their ashes with their dearest teares.

Your Arch-officers, and friends, can be no more usefull to your Holinesse; though they were indeed your ministring and faithfull spirits, yet are they now shut up in prisons, and groane under the martyring hand of impious and corrupt Justice; resolve to compose their funerall Anthemes, and make ready condigne places for them in the Calendar: for the blackest crime in their charge is, that they have befriended the *Romish* cause (trusty soules!) and laboured to rectifie a stubborne State too imperiously. The persecution is so hot here, and the winnowing of men so exact, that sundry (out of conscience of humbling, and weakening the State, to make it more capable of alterations, and and apt to obey) not able to stand before
such

to the Pope.

such a sophisticat light, as is their Parliament
(which notwithstanding of our light esteem,
has melted them as snow) have embraced a
voluntar banishment, and transplanted them-
selves beyond sea, where they may enjoy the
safety of a more gracious shade; and under
your Holinesse beames grow fat. Wee have
not yet seene all the links of this chaine of
providence, till the unwearied pheares, the
dispensers of time, spin them out one after
another; but if your Holinesse will cast your
eyes about you, and looke to the commoti-
ons, and earth-quake in Kingdomes, and
Common-wealths; Wee dare almost be bold
to say that your Kingdome is now at the age
of consistence, and can grow no further.
Your Sun-beames have past the meridian,
and chased with the stifling mists of error,
like smoake out of the pit, are swiftly decli-
ning, and that without hopes to arise a-
gaine; so they take it universally for gran-
ted, and beleve with strong confidence
that now upon the stage of Europe, there is
a strange Comedy acting, whose Epilogue

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shall be in *Rome*; for matters cannot stand at this point, but our enemies who have their desires strong chadd, will strive to consummate what yet remaines.

May it not wel be feared that the *English* Majesty with his two puissant armies in the fields (ready for all undertakings) shall espouse the cause of the *Hugenots* in *France*, and now when the *French* King is offering to set his foot upon that little republicke of *Geneve*, shall appeare most terribly for their reliefe, and lift up the Hereticks home now lying in the dust, and finally confound all the pining policies of the Cardinall *Richelieu*, who has so prosperously triumphed in his garlands of *Lillies*, and *Floure-de-luces*. What should hinder him from becomming the head of all these pretended reformed Churches, and display an uncontrolled banner, till he have sprung over the *Alpes* upon the wings of renowne, and as full of successe, as hopes spread feare and love through the world; and having forgotten your right to the Patrimony of the Church, by the benevolence

to the Pope.

nevolence of *Constantine* the Great, hee strip
you naked of all your riches, and eminence;
making you miserable as the poorest *Capuchin*:
and armed with zeale, teare downe the walls
of *Rome* like a ramping Lyon? I think Wee
should be sufficiently puzzled, and the most
generous Armies your Holinesse could com-
mand, would take them to their last abili-
ties, and have use of all their Counsell, and
strength, if these motions should bee fol-
lowed.

It is here likewise reported to the great
encouragement of our enemies, that there
be strange and dangerous Novations in
France, which leade to an open revolt, and
the powerfull prevailing of heresie; for if
their Church Service be received in a known
tongue against the practises, and constituti-
ons of the Church (as the same flies) and that
by the advice of the Huguenots, who will ne-
ver move beyond their Line, to meet us (not
a haire breadth) certainly you may then make
the Myters Epitaph, and perswade your selfe
of greater inundations of evils then ever was
thought

The Nuptials Letter

thought to have sprung from the Covenant of *Scotland*, or the Trienniall Parliaments in *England*; You may see then the combustion which began in *Scotland*, and threatned but weakely at a great distance, is now come to the skirts of the Holy Land almost, and that you had need to looke to your owne building.

Our evils multiply, as the heads of *Hydra*; for what consequence may Wee apprehend from the Marriage of the daughter of *England*, with those who bee Arch-enemies to your most Catholicke Sonne, the right hand of your execution? and can the Prince Palatine be arrived here for any thing which will bring either happinesse to the common cause, or divert the calamities which are daily emergent, like swolne clouds of infection arising upcn the Horizon and darkening the skie? No, our evils are preparing as the Arrows are ready to bee sent from the bended bow.

Through this beliefe, the prophane world doe glory in most sacrilegious insolencies;
for

to the Pope.

for the dis-mantling of Churches, the pulling up of the railes (which make the comely distance from the holy place) nay, the overturning of Altars, (which in all the corners of the Kingdome did rise most bravely after the *Italian* mode) are but the daily practises of the undanted, and undistinguishing vulgar. Wee are come to such height of contempt, that Boyes sing our scandale in the streets; they tune Ballads to our infamy: and hee that can reproach us most handsomely, and deeply informe against us, has most strongly demerited Church and State. I like not the complexion of our affaires; strange symptoms of a most dangerous consumption, and many pregnant reasons for the encrease of our feares. The Pulpits have forgotten that gracious sound, with which they were of late most entirely acquainted; the Bookes dare not appeare in the *Romish* dye, but come forth in squadrons; in strange habit, and hereticall colours. Our possession heere is gone, it seemes; and our hopes to recover it, wholly blasted: nay if the pernicious Counsells, and the opinions of the daring *Scots* prevaile, Wee may as easily thinke to entice

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the Sun from his Ecliptick, as work an alteration of their humors, or shake them from these new grounds to which they are now so miserably wedded.

I dare not forget to shew your Holines, what great expressions of joy have bin heere in the City of London, tearing the clouds with the musike of their Bells, and condensing the aires with the smoke of their Bon-fires, as if they had already seene their furthest desires crowned, and had bin ringing our funerall knells, because the Prince has granted to the Estates a Triennall Parliament, where with the people have beene as strongly afflicted, as if they had beene delivered from Pest or Famine; or had received the spoiles of most important conquest: by this meanes they resolve to hammer us so flat, that Wee shall never set up our heads, nor bud againe.

If ever affliction could awake the Sonnes and Daughters of the *Roman* Church, tis now, when the angry winds are let loose from the corners of the earth. Wee have not indeed slept our time here, but practised very laboriously, and according as the Churches exigency

exigency did call us to a double care; so
 likewise have We attempted all expedencies
 for deluding the purposes of our enemies, and
 strengthening our selves: We have stretched
 out wit, and studied fitting policies in all the
 latitude of a Catholick conscience; there re-
 maines nothing in the treasure of invention,
 which We have not sollicitly, and now in
 these bleeding times with greater strength of
 wit; but I know not what has interposed be-
 twixt your Holines influence, and a good
 effect: some thing of late has made obstruc-
 tions in the effectuall derivations of your Apo-
 stolick Benedictions; all has proved unprofi-
 table: And (not to offend your Holines) I
 feare least the tyde of your sorrowes be but
 yet growing; for whereas Wee have ever
 magnified, and exalted tradition above the
 Scripture, yet we know not how to fasten on
 these Impostures, for they adhere so close to
 their Scriptures, in their reasons, and opini-
 ons, that sooner may you divorce the light fro
 the Sun, then pull them froth their grund
 fighting the traditions, and customes of the
 Romish Church with as much disdain, as we
 neglect the *Alchoran*; and even when they

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oppone Scripture to our Traditions, We know not what to say, and have not bin acquainted with other Authority then the Churches: therefore your Holines would doe well to hearken to this, and consider that the times in likelyhood are comming, when the Scriptures (which have bin so highly esteemed by the simplicity of that pretended Religion) will bee the rule of faith, and Church Government, and overthrow our subtilties: I hope your Holines, as the great Ghostly Father of the Church, will see that your building be firmly seated upon permanent foundations; for if they be not sure and able for all assaults, it may happily fall, and crush us all: and I assure your Holines, if your affronts encrease, your strength doe not convaléfce, and this bad fortune of the Miter continue; a panick feare will invade all your devoted Kings, Princes, and Cardinals; they will betake them to the strongest side, and leave you in the mire.

It is now therefore high time to summon up all that is vertue about you; What ever any of the great Monarches of the Church could doe, let it now appeare by your power most eminently displayed: your Holines would doe well to call a Counsell, and consult with heavens, and learne how to stop these Hereticks mouthes; convince them of the Truth, and heape coales on their heads: seeke out the end of

these

to the Pope.

these troubles that afflict the world; for it is indeed to be feared, if Heresie become so insolent, and swell with so good fortune, that shortly their Truth shall shine glorious as the Sun, and become as it were the Idole of the world, extinguishing the life of our misteries, under which Wee have had such Halcyonian dayes.

Since then all the fabrick of our Religion, the standing of the Apostolick Empire, and all that is deare and splendid to the glory of the Miter is now shaking; Rise up from your throne, put to your saving hand to the Helme, and doe not neglect one day, one houre, one minute to weare out with toyle of plot, and practise of conceit, your busie and fruitfull wit; bestir like the first mover, your inferiour, and obedient Spirits, every one in their owne spheare; never take rest, nor force a smile which is not borrowed from a sacred, and Papall vengeance, such as becomes the state of your disgrace, and unbounded fate, till your Holines know what way to satisfie fury and revenge; till you and your successors, the undoubted Inheritors of the worlds Metropolitick throne, have touched the ends of the earth with your all conquering Scepter, and hath led Truth in Procession, triumphing over the ruines of errour.

FINIS.

to the Pope.



The Daughter of Myſt'ry, the child of Error,
Mother of Tyranny, of Wars, of Terrour,
The Idol of Reproach, Rocke of offence
To Jew and Gentile, Source of Indulgence
For all Impieties, and th'usurping Crest
Above Diademes, the State, the Churches Pelt
Is now discov' red, and all the world awake,
Makes proud *Rome*, and th'opprobrious Myter

(shake.